

# HISTORICAL CHIPS *OF* MISSOURI.

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*—BY—*

**FREDERICK V. BEYERSDORFF,**

*Graduate of  
Warrensburg Normal.*

*Krakow, Franklin County, Mo.*







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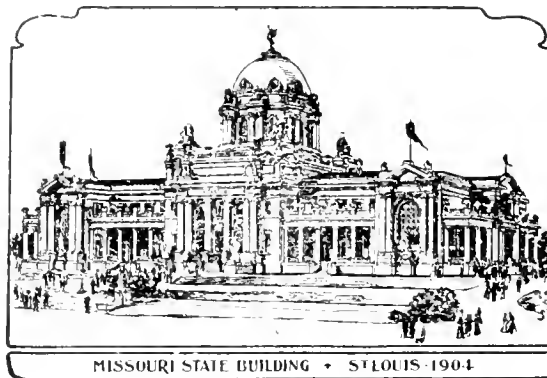
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# HISTORICAL CHIPS OF MISSOURI.



•

The lowering cloud is o'er,  
The storm yet strong,  
The thunders roll Missouri Bluffs along ;  
The sun shines hot,  
Where Eastern sky got clear ;  
And seemingly brings trouble  
And new alarm now here !

\* \* \* \* \*

Long ago in changeful seasons,  
When the woodlands made domain ;  
When the woodcock gave the signal,  
The blue heron crossed the lane.  
And along the water edges,  
Stalked the brink with fearful stretches ;  
When the squirrels raised their chattering,  
Gnawing acorns on high limbs ;  
And the fox that came from henroost,  
Hastily to holes would slink ;  
When the bison smelt the salt lick,  
And the fleet-foot deer was near ;  
When the coon went in the cornfield,  
And the wildcat roamed for yield ;  
When the vines climbed up the sapling  
And some flowers curled round a stump  
Of a tree that broke asunder  
When a storm raged through the clump ;  
And the brooklet made a roaring,  
Splashing down the slight cascade,



That by some branching rootlets  
In their course was made.

Louder yet the howl of wolves,  
Near the wigwams were the lurking,  
Prowling in the dark of night,  
Yet the housedogs were not shirking  
Fighting here with all their might,  
Very faithful to their kind ;  
While their lord slept sound behind.  
When in spring the ducks went northward  
Geese, and swan, and other fowls ;  
Pigeons cooing, flying, swarming,  
Looking in the air like clouds ;

Higher up an eagle soaring,  
Searching for a piece of prey ;  
Lower down the crow was cawing  
For the hawk snatched his game to slay ;  
Cluster-flowers were searched by busy bees,  
While butterflies and colibris hovered o'er the leas,  
And with the bumblebees made the humming sounds,  
And then with other insects had merry-go-arounds.

Then all the woods and nature were in vernal green,  
Most beautiful flowers in glory to be seen !

\* \* \* \* \*

While in ponds the frogs were croaking,  
And the hills in mists then smoking,  
Seeming hazy to the crowd.  
And in swamps the waterlilies,  
Spreading shelter to the fishes ;  
Which there move in soft commotion,  
Like some ripples of smooth ocean.  
When the quails on turf were whistling,  
Peckers of the woods would ring,  
And some meadow-lark came trilling,  
And the mockbird raised his clever wing,  
To bring out the loud and rare refrain ;  
While the swallows flying very swiftly  
Through the air described a waving train :  
Even Robin, redbird and the blue ones,  
All tried in this melee to gain—  
Then the whippoorwill this concert would proclaim !

\* \* \* \* \*

Or when in the depth of winter,  
The poor Indians suffered sorely,

On account of the high snowdrifts,  
And the cold that then would reign ;  
Scanty oft were their provisions,  
For the snow-shoes would not bear ;  
And the game in glen or forests  
Would hide safely in their lair ;  
Worse still when a foe then came,  
With tribal hatred cankering in his vain ;  
To surprise them with their vilest glamor,  
Spreading bloodshed, death, or horrid clamor.

\* \* \* \* \*

This the time when Winnihaha,  
Indian chieftain made arraign,  
Of the tribe of which this Fair State  
Bears his name.  
This the time when the first pale-faced,  
Squatted through this World's wild ;  
With glances on the pappooses' races,  
Which were not always mild ;—  
For some strangers had a curious mode,  
To spread their realm abroad.  
There was rare a spot on Earth,

There was scarce a lot in Moon,  
Without their acquisition boon.  
“Ask astronomers versed in heaven  
Who will tell that very soon !”

But when Winnihaha fell,  
In the struggle of the mell  
His spirit has to wander  
Through the region of his native soil  
Every quarter in a hundred  
Years or more,  
That followed this sad story's lore.

\* \* \* \* \*

This the time of French appearance :  
Here for gold—or there for Wonder  
Here for pelts—but rare for lumber  
To take a place here for a steady home.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet planting there the Cross of Savior :  
Here the lily of their reign.

\* \* \* \* \*

So that having time and leisure,  
We find many a French name :  
Think of St. Louis, City largest,  
Think of Ste. Genevieve, St. Charles,  
Think of many another home,  
Even lakes, brooks and rivers  
Bear the same :  
There Creve Coeur Lake and river Des Peres,  
There is Marias Des Cygnes and creek Pomme de Terre ;  
There is Bon Homme bottoms and river Cuivre,  
Where pears were sold earliest a la livre ;  
There is the Bourboise and then Du Bois,  
There is St. Francis and the Gasconade ;  
Berger brooklet and Fraine may us aid,  
Where grapes hang in clusters and wine will be made,  
That travels as good through many a State.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes, ardent were the French here in hopes, and forsooth ;  
Would teach the wild Indian religion and truth ;  
Worked patiently hard oft risking their life,  
If one fell another would file in the strife ;  
Formed simple friendship, taught modern ways

In schools soon erected, and joined in their plays  
Thus passing French entrance with ease and with grace.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gay and happy were they in their manners,  
Humble in their wild abode ;  
Fostering frolics fain together,  
Far and near from every road ;  
Learning could not easily be wrought.  
But so pleasant was their thought,  
Thinking France to be in might,  
Ruling the whole world all right.

But as Fate all things arranges,  
Works disappointments, other changes !  
Thus France lost at one time  
All the realm in Western clime ;  
And the Father of the Rivers  
Separated them forever.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then when the Indian chief returned,  
He in his airy way, he learned :  
That Frenchmen were in utter gloom,  
For Spanish Rule was now their doom.

Yet from the Eastbank of that River grand  
The French crossed now and sought here land ;  
And thought the Spanish Rule yet better—  
Then so far at home were still the latter.  
For several years St. Ange now came,  
And ruled the French in Spanish name.

Thus when the Spanish Governor was sent,  
A fright through whole Missouri went ;  
But as they found that Spanish sway  
Was not so bad as some did say,  
Had been perpetrated in other places,—  
That will take away a nation's graces.

They were content then with their doom ;  
For French and Spanish to friendship gave room.  
Learned to help each other in great love,  
As frontier life will harbor enough  
Dangers, that brood so far and so near,  
To defend their homes and what else was dear.

It's only DeLeyba that should mar,  
And leave to history an ugly scar ;  
When he went to a sudden bout,  
And pressed St. Louis almost to rout.

More than four decenniums of Spanish reign,  
Were mild here and good without disdain.  
But one murder was recorded in four decades  
In St. Louis ; and the glory of modern time fades  
When men compare that safety in frontier life  
(Among the Whites) with recent unrest and modern strife.

\* \* \* \* \*

But something in the East occurred,  
Of which Winnebaha had never heard,  
A newer Nation had arisen,  
And Old England made division ;  
United States was now the name  
And as possession they did claim :—  
From northern Great Lakes to French \*Florides  
And from St. Louis to Ocean beach,  
Which girds the Atlantic from South to North ;  
And brought a World's trade soon forth.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lo ! great convulsions brooded now in Europe,  
And with brawls and wars brought a revolution period ;

\* Or Spanish Florida.



The things went topsy-turvy, so to say,  
And set the peaceful work to a far day.  
New countries were perhaps created over night,  
While others broke asunder and lost all their right.

When Napoleon was at the height of his glory,  
And daily tried hard to add laurels to his story ;  
He hated the prowess of England's naval force,  
Which thwarted his plans and so altered his course.  
Nothing strange then that revenge nestled in his mind,  
And only reflected upon an effectual kind.  
We know that when the emperor had conquered Spain,  
Louisiana and Missouri would fall under French control  
again.

It was perhaps then from St. Denis,  
Where the Great Bonaparte gave his decree :  
To sell to the young Republic in this Hemisphere,  
Nearly the whole of Louisiana here.  
Tickled, that thus a great harm might befall,  
To such an implacable rival after all ;  
Thinking, he gave to him another woe,  
To match Great Britain should they ever meet as foe.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus this region unfolded the stripes and the stars,  
And prospered so greatly and overcame all bars ;  
Where the banner was carried through the land  
With the Country's Emblem in the hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Winnihaha saw in his aerial flight,  
That the affairs of Indians sped not right ;  
He would mourn in his ghostly gloom,  
And if he could shed tears for their doom,  
Through thunders he admonished to tribal concern,  
To be wary and watchful they had to learn ;  
To meet the Whites with equal pace,  
And do the due things with adequate grace.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then the Youth of Winnihaha, Sire,  
Sat around a camping fire  
Kindled near their village in a primeval wood  
And harangued the questions as they stood ;  
There the Braves lounged in meditative leisure  
And smoked their pipe of peace with even measure.

Bragged of the scalps they conquered in the brawl,  
And gloried how they saw their enemies fall,  
How they danced around the victim's tree  
Of a prisoner, that they tortured now glee.

But not all was victory and glory,  
And now comes the sad part of the story :  
For many a warrior they had now to mourn,  
Killed by the enemy's weapons they had borne.  
Thus was the dire glut of tribal hate,  
Which brought the Indians to their fate.  
With the Whites now, too, they had to fray,  
And lost good Braves as they did say ;—  
The cause of it could not always be guessed,  
But the result of slaughter tells the rest.  
This lowered the number of Indian tribes,  
By wars, by quarrels and by bribes ;  
For with the pale-faced they could not cope,  
And thus lost their wigwams, their country, their Hope.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another spot was for the squaws  
To pitch their tents and mend the flaws,

The rents in dress, and paint the skin,  
And so their husband's favor win ;  
To make the meals of Indian corn,  
And call the braves by dinner horn ;  
Nurse the papposes and tie them on back,  
Hoe the corn-patch or put corn in stack ;  
Gather the fishes and dress the fowl,  
And listen when a wolf would howl,  
Discover when they heard an owl's wahoo-sound,  
If there was a bird or foe then around ;  
And when the chief had the fierce intent,  
That he with his braves on a war-path went :  
The squaw had to shoulder most of the toil,  
When they wanted to start from their native soil ;  
She packed the horses and drew the poles,  
Gathered their vituals and put the clothes in rolls ;  
She also sliced the meat of deer and bear,  
And let it dry high in the air,  
Or dressed the skins of buffaloes,  
Or some other pelts for robes.

\* \* \* \* \*

A different place was for the young,  
Where they with bows and arrow wrung ;

They tried the weapons of the old,  
Endured the weather, hot or cold,  
Swam the rivers or climbed the trees,  
Or crawled in the high grass on their knees ;  
And then for days they would not eat,  
To see if they could risk a feat ;  
A gray-haired brave became their teacher,  
So that of Indian knowings they grew richer :  
To prepare the weapons and the tools,  
Learn to use them and mind the rules.  
While the little babe was rocking in the air,  
Tied to a crooked oak-limb, high up there,  
And was so moved by a gentle breeze,  
Backward and forward with the branch and trees ;  
Larger children would clamber up a knoll,  
And there were :

Gambling and falling,  
Wrestling and calling,  
Laughing and crying,  
Tumbling and rolling,  
Frolicking and toleing,  
Or tell some stories  
Of Chief and the Warriors ;

Or playing hide and seek,  
Or scramble down  
The slope to the creek.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hark ! hark ! What is it? What's going on?  
The Indian scouts alarmed the throng,  
And greatly frightened they now their way retraced,  
To tell the Indian crowd what they had faced ;  
There were some men,  
Some looking black, some looking white ;  
The Indians doubted if their senses went right :  
Had the pale-faced themselves thus painted?  
Or was it what nature had to them granted?

But still it will remain the fact,  
That the White moved in now with the Black.  
In came the Black but only here as slaves,  
The Whites regarded them as degraded or as knaves ;  
Another race inroad the Indian's realm,  
Another cause the same to overwhelm.

Yes, in came the settlers now from the East,  
With four or more yoke oxen, at the least,

Their wains with their spans looked not so frail,  
Following a hewn path or up an Indian trail ;  
Equipped with all they had to make a thousand miles.  
With friends before them or other ones behind,  
They entered now in files ;  
With furniture to cook and all the rest of hoard,  
With children on the nags, all other goods on board.

Bim, bim, long, long ; bam, bam, dong, dong !  
Made a good rhyme with the darkies' song ;  
For most of the animals had fine bells,  
So that the chime through woodland tells :  
Their herds of cattle and flocks of sheep,  
A drove of hogs, a few horses to keep ;  
Were with them, before them or after the train,  
Let it be good weather or be it in rain :

Were the spans worn out the movers had to camp,  
On a good place for grazing, but not too damp ;  
The same they had to do when the night was dark,  
And often with the rifle on the game made the mark.

The darkies would then sit in groups alone,  
And tell some stories of their master and their home ;

They would brag on their master's pedigree or estate,  
On his sons and daughters quite early or late,  
Brag on his father, mother, uncle and aunt,  
His brothers and sisters in their own innocent cant ;  
So that when strangers their stories heard,  
They were in doubt to believe every word,  
They would sing their song and have a merry glee,  
When they fat 'possums or coons on table got to see,  
And then they began to sing and let their voices ring,  
(Danced a jig or did some other thing) :

Massa is a good man,  
Massa gives us plenty,  
Massa gives us lots of fun ;  
Massa builds our shanty :  
Massa keeps us better drest  
Than all the masters of the rest, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus was the inroad from the east to Missouri ;  
The starting of towns, the squatting of farms,  
Her growth gave her glory ;  
The spread of increase was with natural ease ;  
That gave from frontier perils more release ;



Settlers came from the lowlands and swamps of North  
Carolina,  
Or from the beautiful valleys and mountains of Virginia ;  
From the North Susquehanna to the South of Savannah,  
From the fields of Tennessee or from the blue grass of  
Kentucky.

All came to Missouri to be lucky ;  
And with the rest Daniel Boone was not the last,  
And in this state his later days of life he passed.

\* \* \* \* \*

But after a dozen or some odd years,  
Another singular movement of inroad appears ;  
Immigrants from every Grand Division of the earth  
now came,  
Especially from Germany started the same ;  
So that from every great nation a few we may find,  
And even some Chinese were not behind ;  
This worked on the State a signal change,  
Gave to it broader views and a wider range ;  
Thus unfolded Missouri as we see her now,  
With many large cities on her brow ;

With a population similar in number,  
As the United Colonies' under the revolution thunder.  
New occupations were in daily need,  
Wealth and prosperity came along with speed.

\* \* \* \* \*

In meantime Missouri had to stand,  
The hardships of rebellious hand ;  
As many a battle and many a fray  
Was fought on her soil, as they say ;  
South and North were different in aim,  
The former claimed the slave the latter did disclaim ;  
So that when Great Lincoln was elected  
The disunion was perfected.  
On both sides waxed the necessity to fight,  
But to preserve the Union the North was right ;  
We honor the heroic soldiers on both lines forever and  
forever,  
But the cause never, never, never !  
If we regard the cause it reminds of the man,  
Who in his excessive pains,  
Got troubled in his brains.

And was then just about  
To cut off his leg to cure the gout.  
For the curse of slavery  
Ought to have ended anyway !

\* \* \* \* \*

When Winnihaha held another review ;  
And of Great Missouri saw and knew  
That all the Indians from her soil were driven,  
And by some treaties to other regions given ;  
He muttered then a frightful moan,  
And found himself here quite alone ;  
Saw fine farms and stately houses,  
That manor-like his envy now arouses ;  
The gardens studded with most beautiful flowers,  
With rich orchards, some other fruit or shady bowers ;  
Saw large cities with steeples high in air,  
With parks so wonderful and groves so fair ;  
A busy throng was in the street,  
Where wealth and luxury would meet,  
Where rich or poor crossed their way,  
And where Intelligence and Art will sway ;

But when he heard them boast  
Of their high civilization host ;  
He shook his head if head he had,  
And with great anger he then said :  
Is not innocence accosted in the middle of the day?  
Is not murder, theft effected on some crowded way?  
Were not such infernal vices, you must own,  
To our Indians quite unknown?  
Is it then so great a wonder  
That a hurricane may gore  
And admonish them by thunder  
Of the wrath that Heaven bore?

\* \* \* \* \*

Celebration, celebration rings in our ear,  
From all parts of the World far and near ;  
For hundred years of an effectual story,  
Brought to the Nation enormous wealth and glory ;  
And St. Louis can be proud of such great honor,  
As she received of the United States as donor ;  
Where people do arrive from every mundane place,  
And vie with their best efforts and with gentle grace ;

Where tender chords are strung for symphony  
And all Nations show their works in harmony ;  
As if it were in a neutral zone,  
Where difference and strife are left alone ;  
Where every State or Branch will have certain day,  
To show to best effect their own characteristic way ;  
And so nearly perfect many things are done,  
So that's hard to tell if it ever can be overcome ;  
Then let all the Nations on this cheerful place now learn,  
To abate most contests and take the peace in turn !

\* \* \* \* \*

There is in yonder meadow,  
A lovely little flower ;  
Casts scarcely any shadow,  
Low in its grassy bower.  
Looks like a group of stars,  
That grew to pigmy size ;  
And nothing on it mars,  
To let it gain a prize.  
Looks fain to the sky,  
With a wonderful blue eye ;  
No other bloom is nigh,  
Can with its beauty vie.

Is often cut by mower,  
Along a miry brook ;  
On any spot that's lower,  
To form a sheltered nook.

\* \* \* \* \*

And there is now its name,  
It is : Forget-me-not.  
Thus of the World's Fair  
Let us hope then the same :  
That by useful and beautiful things  
The Fair may lay such claim :  
“Forget-It-Not.”

\* \* \* \* \*

But high above in the aerial Dome  
There can be distinctly heard a gentle groan,  
Or lingering complaint, when Winnihaha said in moan :  
Say, stranger, say : Where is my wigwam?  
O where is now my home?



## EXPLANATIONS.

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The first lines are introductory, reminding of the anxiety spread by a saying or tale which was harbored and handed down by the Indians, especially by those in Mexico, that one day some conquering people would appear from across the Atlantic Ocean and take possession here on this Continent. Therefore the use of the present tense.

The next part is a faint attempt to describe Primeval Woods.

Winnihaha is a fictitious name of an Indian Chief of the tribe of the Missouris.

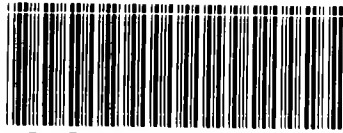
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